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GERMAN LITERATURE.

LUDWIG TIECK.

THIS is one among the great German writers who made their appearance during the last ten years of the eighteenth century; a period, whether from any extraordinary productiveness in the power that regulates the seed-time and the harvests of the human race, or from the mighty excitements and stimulants wherewith the world was then teeming, among the richest in the blossoming of genius. For not to mention the great military talents first developed in those days, among the holders of which were he who conquered all the continent of Europe, and he before whom that conqueror fell; turning away from the many rank but luxuriant weeds that sprang up in France, after all its plants had been manured with blood; and fixing the eye solely upon literary excellence, we find in England that the chief part of those men by whom we may hope that the memory of our days will be transmitted to posterity as a thing precious and to be held in honour, that Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Southey, and Lamb, and Landor, and Scott, put forth during those ten years the first-fruits of their minds; while in Germany the same period was rendered illustrious by Fichte and John Paul Richter at its commencement, and subsequently by Schelling, and Hegel, and Steffens, and Schleiermacher, and the Schlegels, and Novalis, and Tieck. Of this noble brotherhood, who all, I believe, studied at the same university, that of Jena, and who were all bound together by friendship, by affinity of genius, and by unity of aim, the two latter, Novalis and Tieck, were the poets: for though there are several things of great poetical beauty in the works of the Schlegels, their fame upon the whole rests on a different basis. The lovely dreamy mind of Novalis was cut off in the full promise of its spring; it only just awoke from the blissful visions of its childhood, to breathe out a few lyrical murmurs, about the mysteries it had been brooding over, and fell

asleep again. Upon Tieck, therefore the character of German poetry in the age following those of Goethe and Schiller will mainly depend, and never did Norwegian or Icelandic spring burst forth more suddenly or with more richness and splendour, than the youth of Ludwig Tieck. There is not in the whole history of literature any poet who can count up so many and so great exploits achieved on his first descent into the arena; in number and variety even Goethe must yield the precedence, though his youthful triumphs were *Goetz of Berlichingen* and *Werther*. There was in Tieck's early works the promise, and far more than the promise, of the greatest dramatic poet whom Europe had seen since the days of Calderon; there was a rich elastic buoyant comic spirit, but not like the analytical, reflective, keen biting wit of Moliere and Congreve and other comic writers of the satirical school, but like the living merriment, the uncontrollable, exuberant joyousness, the humour arising from good humour, not, as it often does, from ill humour, the incarnation, so to say, of the principle of mirth, in Shakspeare, and Cervantes, and Aristophanes; and as a wreath of flowers to crown the whole, there was the heavenly purity and starlike loveliness of his *Genevieve*. Had the rest of Tieck's life kept pace with the fertility of the six years from 1798 to 1804, he must have been beyond all rivalry the second of German poets; and as Eschylus in the *Frogs* shares his supremacy with Sophocles, so would Goethe have invited Tieck to sit beside him on his throne. Unfortunately for those who would have feasted upon his fruits, the poet during the last twenty years has been so weighed down by almost unintermitting ill health, that he has published but little. There was a short interval indeed that seemed to bid fairer, about the year 1812, when he began to collect his tales and lesser dramas, on a plan something like that of the *Decameron*, in the *Phantasia*; but it has not yet been carried beyond the second reign, out of seven through which it was designed to extend. Of that collection the chief part had been known to the world ten or twelve years before: some things however appeared then

for the first time, and among them, was the tale of *The Love-Charm*. Latterly, Tieck's genius has taken a new spring, in a somewhat different direction from that of his youth. He has written half a dozen novels in the manner of the one recently translated: nor are the others of less excellence than this; a beautiful tale of magic has also been just published; and the speedy appearance of several other things that have employed him during the long period of seeming inactivity, is promised; among the rest, of his great work upon Shakspeare, wherein he has been engaged more or less for above a quarter of a century, and to gather materials for which he some years since visited England. Of this work the highest expectations may justly be formed: not many people, even in this country, possess more extensive and accurate acquaintance with our ancient drama than Tieck; no one has entered more fully into the spirit of its great poets, than Tieck has shewn himself to have done in the prefaces to his *Old English Theatre* and his *Shakspeare's Vor-schule*; few have ever bestowed such attention on the history of the stage in all countries, or have so studied the principles of dramatic composition and the nature of dramatic effect; hardly any one ever learnt so much from Shakspeare: no one therefore can have more to teach us about him; and to judge from the remarks on some of the plays which have already been printed in the *Abendzeitung*, no one was ever so able to trace out the most secret workings of the great master's mind, or to retain his full, calm self-possession when following him on his highest flights; no one ever united in such perfection the great critic with the great poet. One may look forward therefore with confidence to the greatest work in esthetical criticism that even Germany will ever have produced.

THE RICCIARDETTO OF FORTEGUERRI.

RICCIARDETTO is a younger brother of Rinaldo and Malagigi, names more familiar to the readers of Boiardo and Ariosto. He has killed in battle the son of Scricca, king of the Caffres; and the princess Despina, who is passionately attached to her brother, publicly declares her resolution to bestow her hand on no one but on the champion who shall present her with the head of his murderer. This determination produces a great invasion of France by Scricca and an army of Caffres. There is burlesque in the very ground-work of Forteguerr's story. We have no longer the mighty kings of India and Tartary and Sericane, who, with their pagan chivalry, menace the strong holds of Christendom in the narratives of the genuine romantic poets. The Caffres

are joined by the Negroes; and these giants are still further strengthened by an innumerable multitude of pigmy Laplanders, who are not a whit less formidable.

They are, however, strong, and stout, and bristly,
And leap as nimbly as a host of frogs;
Long arms they have, long fingers, lean and gristly,
Large mouths, and eyes as little as a hog's;
Dwarf swords they carry, and with dwarfish spear
The horses' bellies prick, and make them rear.

The herald of the Caffre king arrives in Paris with his defiance most inopportune, when the court of Charlemagne was thinking of nothing but the pleasures of peace.

But, while the storm of war was gathering round,
As peasants, when the cold has passed away,
With violet and early primrose crowned,
Tread with bare feet to many a merry lay
Their amorous dances on the grassy ground:
So lance, and shield, and all their war-array,
The Paladins had hung upon the wall,
And thought that peace was come for good and all.

But some more quiet, near the silver Seine
Listened to songs of love, in verdant shade,
Quaffing in crystal goblets bright champagne;
Others at social board carousals made:
When some again more tender cares detain,
 wooing some maiden coy in cool arcade;
And many a lady fair, and favour'd swain,
Thank'd all the saints that peace was come again.

The greater number of the Paladins have set out in various directions in search of the frantic Orlando, and left Paris almost defenceless. Rinaldo goes alone upon his quest towards Persia; Olivieri, Dudone, and others, turn to the North; and Alardo, Astolfo, and Ricciardetto, go to seek him in Spain. We hear somewhat of the adventures which befell them all in these expeditions, but the last party find their mad companion, and assuage the fever of his brain in a way much more scientific than romantic. After opening a vein,

The Paladins with pitying care applied
A cudgel fifty times in every hour;
Dry bread and water from the pump they tried,
A diet at which many would look sour;
Yet without this, stark mad he might have died:
So that their treatment had a marvellous power:
To these Orlando all his senses owes,
Much water, little bread, and many blows.

They arrive at Paris in time for Orlando to take the chief command against the invaders, and put them to utter rout. Ricciardetto, however, and Despina meet; and their meeting and its consequences are described in stanzas, which place Forteguerr far above the rank of a mere burlesque poet. They become mutually enamoured; and the conflict in Despina's mind between revenge and love is not only forcibly described, but introduced with an image of the most touching pathos.

She seems a mother, on each hand a son.
Both sorely wounded, both about to die;
Scarce can she minister relief to one,
The other asks her aid with feeble cry;
And so that neither may be left alone,
She clasps one, on the other turns her eye;
O'er both she weeps, by changing passion guided,
And, loving both, between them seems divided.

Forteguerr had before his eyes Jocasta on the field of battle, soothing the last ago-

aies of her fratricidal sons,* but these lines are of the number of those which show the difference between the use that a true poet may make of his predecessors, and the pilfering of a mere plagiarist.

Despina resolves at last to flee from a love which she cannot hope to conquer.— Still fortune throws her in the way of Ricciardetto; and their wanderings, their loves, their separations, and re-unions, fill, of course, a considerable portion of the poem. In the mean time the Emperor undertakes his Spanish expedition; and on his return perishes at Roncesvalles with the flower of his Paladins, by the treachery of the false knight, Gano or Ganellon, of Maganza. Poets have described, in various ways, this great catastrophe of the romantic history,

When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell,
By Fontarabia :—

According to Forteguerri, they are blown up into the air by gunpowder; and Charlemagne himself, Rinaldo, and Orlando, are blown even to the gates of heaven, and admitted by St. Peter, that they may not have the trouble of retracing their steps. Rinalduccio, however, and Orlandino, the sons of the Paladins, who have been journeying to meet the army, and have been detained by a preternatural sleep, come up in time to overpower the traitor; and Gano is conveyed to Paris in an iron cage, and exposed to all the insults of the populace. At last his prison is suspended between two iron columns, a waggon load of dry wood placed beneath it, and lighted.

The caitiff shrieked, and, grinning at his foes,
Skipped like a frog about his grated cage,
Until the fire and smoke so fiercely rose,
The breath no more such stifling strife could wage,
Then fell: but still his legs with hideous throes
Shook, till he started bolt upright with rage,
As the flame scorched his life out; and the wind
Left of his ashes not a wrack behind.

Ricciardetto has been traversing the continent of Africa, and achieving all sorts of knightly adventures, wins Despina, with Caffria for her dower, slays the Prince of Nubia, and is at last proclaimed Emperor of Ethiopia. His renown is so widely spread, that nearly at the same time he is elected as successor of Charlemagne, at the instance of the aged Paladin Olivieri, who had remained in Paris. He returns with Despina, Scricca, and his benefactress, the fairy Lirina. These pagans are all baptized; and St. Peter descends from heaven with Charlemagne, Rinaldo, and Orlando, to grace the ceremony. Ricciardetto solemnly espouses Despina. Their old enemy, the black fairy Melena, makes one last effort to disturb their felicity: but they are delivered by the intervention of an aged

necromancer, and return in triumph to Paris.

Of the monstrosities, by which the marvels of the romantic poets are caricatured, we have a specimen in one of the adventures of Rinaldo, who finds a damsel tied to a tree, watched by two toads, so large and terrible, that either of them

Avria co' morsi una balena uccisa.

Nevertheless he undertakes the deliverance of the lady, and slays both the monsters, although he is swallowed in the encounter.

The glory, however, of the whole poem is the character of Ferrau. Ferrau, the Ferragus of English romance, was already familiar to the readers of Italian poetry, as a stout fighting Pagan. Forteguerri has baptized him, and made him a hermit; and into the delineation of this character he has thrown the most biting and humorous satire upon the whole race of mendicant friars. The brawny Ferrau, with his outward cloak of sanctity, and all his gross appetites and passions in full force within, praying, hymning, sinning, repenting, sinning and confessing, sinning and excusing himself with the most impudent hypocrisy, driven by his repeated lapses to despair, and still sinning on, is one of the most amusing pictures ever drawn by the hand of a master. The first introduction of Ferrau, where Rinaldo finds him in his hermitage, is a scene of exquisite humour, and will not be the less acceptable to an English reader for being the original from which the author of *Ivanhoe* has closely copied the meeting of *Cœur de Lion* and the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst. After singing a *Te Deum* of very questionable Latinity for Rinaldo's slaughter of the harpies, they remain looking at one another, till Ferrau blushes, and both burst out a laughing.

As the hermit promises a long story of his conversion, Rinaldo partakes of his spare diet; and Ferrau unluckily has no sly recesses for pasties or flasks of wine, so they eat dried fruits, and drink the pure liquid with which Friar Tuck only baptized. Ferrau tells a notable lie, how Galafron had given him to wife his daughter Angelica, and how she had died on the morning of their espousals. Rinaldo contradicts him: from words they come to blows; and their fray is broken off only by a loud knocking at the door. The intruders are the Paladins returning with Orlando; and Ferrau accompanies them. After a knightly adventure, Ferrau, by his preaching, converts two captive giants, who afterwards do good service to the Christians by catching the small fry of Laplanders in nets. Ferrau, however, by his follies, at length incurs the reprehension of his converts, and has to endure a preaching in his turn, and is finally netted for his better be-

* Eurip. *Phœniss*.

baviour. On another occasion, for the love of Climene, the daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, he is on the point of renouncing his Christian profession, when he is re-converted by the hard blows of the indignant Asolfo. Ferrau hangs himself out of shame and remorse, and is cut down just in time by Orlando.

Forteguerrri was a man of various literary acquirements, and of a literary taste. Lord Glenbervie describes him as endowed with a most powerful memory, and an eager ambition of distinction in almost every branch of composition. He was a proficient not only in the knowledge of the Latin, but also of the Greek classics; and his Latin discourses were applauded in their day. He wrote odes, canzoni, sonnets, stanzas, and a collection of capitoli in the terza rima of Dante, and in a style something between the manner of Berni in his Capitoli and that of Ariosto in his Satires. Whilst he was actually employed in writing his Ricciardetto, he finished a translation into blank verse of the Comedies of Terence, which has been published in various editions, and is spoken of in terms of high commendation by many Italian critics of great authority. According to Lord Glenbervie, he was much too good a scholar not to have done justice in this translation to the sense of the original; and too much a master of Italian versification not to have done it with elegance.

Gaiety and humour, however, and not merely a classical elegance and "chastised liveliness," were Forteguerrri's distinguishing talents, and indeed interfered with his ambition of eminence in the higher regions of poetry. "His historian and relation informs us, that as it appears that he wrote Ricciardetto in a sort of rivalry with Ariosto, Berni, &c., he had conceived a work in imitation of the immortal Gerusalemme, on the subject of Bajazet, but when he was proceeding to describe the barbarian conqueror boxed up in his iron cage, he was so carried away by a sudden train of ludicrous images, that all at once he determined to relinquish a project so little suited to the natural turn of his mind."

The heroes of Forteguerrri are always falling, as indeed such wandering knights well might, into most ignoble situations, and by no means consult their heroism in the characters which they assume. Even in the very first canto, in which he was imitating Pope, and Berni, and Ariosto, Rinaldo is willing to pass for a cook, out of love for a pretty landlady. There is wit besides, of a much higher order, in a vein of powerful satire which runs through the poem. Forteguerrri was certainly right in the notions upon which he formed the style of his work.

Society was too well informed, too cultivated, too reflecting, to relish in the eighteenth century, the same tissue of mere wonders which had delighted a more uninstructed age. The man could not become a child again. And, besides, scarcely any invention could give novelty to tales of giants and griffins. The romantic poet, to fix attention and give delight, must either have relied more on human agency, and have become far more imaginative, far more pathetic, far more deep in his whole tone of feeling and passion, or he must have laughed, and made his readers laugh, at the grotesqueness of his own figments, outdoing all marvels that were ever marvelled at before, and seasoning his absurdities with wit and satire, which all could feel and all could apply. Forteguerrri followed the bent of his genius, and pursued the latter course; and his success is a proof of the justice of his judgment. Romantic poems, without number, have been written and forgotten, and but few even of their names are known to the *tramontani*; while the Ricciardetto continues to be read and laughed at. Lord Glenbervie tells us, that when he was first in Italy, now (1822) more than half a century ago, the Ricciardetto was the most popular of all their burlesque poems with the young and gay society into which he happened to be introduced. Popular indeed it must have been; for during many years it was known extensively in Italy solely by manuscript copies. It was never published during the author's life; and he seems to have been anxious for secrecy. He does not appear to have attached much importance to his work; and professes to have had no object, but to relieve his own mind from the pressure of business and anxiety, and to give some amusement to his friends.

APOLOGUE.

[From the Italian of Forteguerrri.]

ONE day the Cuckoo and the Nightingale fell into a dispute about their singing, each esteeming himself very far superior to the other. The cuckoo said, that his song was natural, continuous, and measured; the nightingale asserted, that he was much more harmonious than any other bird whatsoever: and so, not to come to blows, they agreed between themselves to refer their dispute to the judgment of a third person, whoever it might be. So taking their flight, in passing over a green meadow, they saw a very solemn ass, with a pair of ears rather less than half an ell long each. Upon which the cuckoo, all delight, exclaimed to the nightingale, 'Let us go no farther, since the gods in pity have made us light upon a judge; for, since the knowledge of this matter rests wholly in the sense of hearing,

who will be better able to pronounce a just and impartial sentence?" No sooner said than done; they alighted upon a low shrub, and closed their wings, and very humbly besought the ass to be pleased to give them his sound judgment upon their question.—The ass, who had more mind for grazing than for acting the judge, scarcely raised his heavy head from the ground; and, letting it fall again, and giving a couple of significant shakes of his ears, made the two litigants understand that the court did not sit that day. However, they besought him so much, that at last, raising his head from his pasture, and holding it up, and his long ears bolt upright like a running hare, 'Sing away,' he said to them, 'and be quick about it; and as soon as I have heard you, I will give you my poor opinion.' The cuckoo first put himself in an attitude, and said, 'Attend well, my lord judge, to the beauty of my song, which you shall hear directly; and, above all, be particular in noticing its artificial composition:' and then, having cried *cuckoo* eight or ten times, he swelled himself up a little, shook all his feathers, and was silent. The nightingale then, without any preface, began his most delightful warbling; and such variety, beauty, and harmony, were produced by his melodious strains, that there was not a wild beast in those thickets which was not attracted by their incredible sweetness; but, whilst he was going on, swallowed up more and more in his song, the judge, annoyed by so long a specimen, sent forth a most villanous bray. 'It may be,' said he to the nightingale, 'that your song has more beauty than the cuckoo's, but the cuckoo's has certainly more method.'

THE NOVELIST.

[From Mr. Duffie's Adventures in London.]

THE EFFIGIES.

I ONE day stepped into an eating-house, to get a check of something, and sat down at a table in a box where an elderly man, of a salt-water complexion was sitting. Having told the lad that was the waiter what I wanted, I entered into discourse with the hard-favoured stranger. His responses to me were at first very short, and it seemed as if he had made up his mind to stint the freedom of conversation. But there was a quickened intelligence in his eye, which manifested that his mind neither slumbered nor slept. I told him that I was come on purpose to inspect the uncos in London, and how content I was with all I saw; and my continued marvel at the great apparition of wealth that seemed to abound every where. "I think," said I, "that its only in London a man can see the happiness of the British nation."

"And the misery," was his reply. This caustical observe led to further descendant both sides of the question, until he opened up, and showed that his reserve was but a resolution—not habitual, nor from the custom of his nature. "The least interesting things about this town," said he, "to a man who looks deeper than the outside of the packing case of society, are the buildings—the wealth—and the appearance of the people. The pre-eminence of London consists in the possession of a race of beings that I call the Effigies. They resemble man in action and external bearing; but they have neither passions, appetites, nor affections;—without reason, imagination, or heart, they do all things that men do, but they move onward to the grave, and are covered up in the parent and congenial clay with as little regret by those who knew them best, as you feel for the fate of that haddock you are now about to eat."

"And what are the things?" was my diffident question.—"Why," says he, "they are for the most part foundlings of fortune,—beings without relations; adventurers, who, at an early period of life, perhaps begged their way to London, and have raised themselves, not by talents or skill, but by a curious kind of alchemy, into great riches. I have known several. They are commonly bachelors,—bachelors in the heart. They live in a snug way,—have some crony that dines with them on Sunday, and who knows as little of their affairs as of their history. The friendship of such friends usually commences in the Hampstead or Hackney stages, and the one is commonly a pawnbroker and the other a banker. The professions of such friendshipless friends are ever intrinsically the same,—nor can I see any difference between the man who lends money on bills and bonds, and him who does the same thing on the widow's wedding ring, or the clothes of her orphans. They both grow rich by the expedients of the necessitous or the unfortunate. They make their money by habit, without motive, and they bequeathe it to some charity or public character, merely because they are by the force of custom required to make a will.—I am a traveller; I know something of all the principal cities of Europe, but in no other has the Effigian species any existence. Their element consists of the necessities of a commercial community, which embraces all the other vicissitudes to which mankind are ordinarily liable."

"One of the most decided, the purest blood of the Effigies, was the late old Joe Brianson. Whether he begged or worked his way to London is disputed; but he commenced his career as a porter. No one ever heard him mention the name of any of his kin: perhaps he had some good reason for

the concealment.—The first week he saved a crown, which he lent to a brother bearer of burdens who was in need, on condition of receiving six shillings on the Saturday following.—In the course of the third week after his arrival, he was worth one pound sterling;—and he died at the age of 73, leaving exactly a million, not taking out of the world one idea more than he brought into London fifty-six years before;—and yet the history of Joe would be infinitely more interesting and important than that of all the men of fame and genius that ever existed. For although he was, in the truest sense of the times, a usurious huncks, he was never drawn into one transaction against the statutes.—I knew him well in my younger years, for I had often occasion to apply to him. I was constituted somewhat differently, and without being so good a member of society, I do not say much for myself when I affirm that I was a better man. Joe was most faithful to his word—his promise was a bond; but like a bond it always contained a penalty. ‘If this bill,’ he used to say, ‘is not pointedly taken up, I promise you it will be heard of;’ and when it was not taken up, it was heard of, and that too with a vengeance. He never gave a groat in charity, because he never had one to give. He lived all his days as literally from hand to mouth as when he entered London without a penny. If you wanted a bill discounted, he never did it off-hand.—He had all his own cash previously put out at usury, and was obliged to apply to his bankers. They got at the rate of five per cent. per annum. Joe agreed to sell some article of merchandise to his customer,—and the price he put on it left him not less in general than five per cent. per month, upon the principal of the bill discounted. But the wealth he thus gathered, might almost be said to have been unblest, for it brought him no new enjoyment. At the age of three score, and possessed of half a million, he was taken ill with vexation in consequence of a clerk dying insolvent, who had been in his service three and twenty years, and to whom he had discounted a bill for twenty pounds in anticipation of his salary; the poor man being at the time under the necessity of submitting to a surgical operation.

“Joe married when he was about fifty. His wife was the daughter of a man with whom he had formed an acquaintance in the Islington stage-coach. She was beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by a handsome young butcher; but educated at a fashionable boarding-school, the butcher’s trade was unsavoury to her imagination. There is some difference between a banker and a butcher; and old Joe was on that account preferred to the butcher by the lady. They begat a son and a daughter.

The former, at the age of twenty-two, was elected into Parliament by his father’s purse. The latter, at the age of nineteen, was married by the same potentiality to an Earl. Joe died—his son and daughter put their servants into mourning when he ceased to discount, and in less than three months after gave them new liveries in honour of their mother’s second marriage. There are no such beings as these in any other capital of Europe, and yet they are common in London. Father, mother, son, and daughter, belong to a peculiar species, and it would be a libel on human nature to rank them with the race of man.”

Here I could not refrain from saying to the strange man, having by this time well finished my dinner, that I thought he had a sour heart towards the sons and daughters of success and prosperity. “No,” says he, “you misunderstand me. I was only speaking of the Effigies, a species of the same genus as man, but widely different in the generalities of their nature.”

I could not say that this story left any satisfaction with me, which the rehearser observing, said, “But the Effigies are perhaps not so remarkable as another class of a very opposite description.—I do not well know by what epithet to distinguish them; but if you will join me in a bottle of wine, I will give you some account of one of them and the tale may be called ‘The Broken Heart.’” This was a very agreeable proposal to me who had no other end in view at the time but my own recreation; so we ordered in one of the landlord’s old bottles; during the drinking of which my companion proceeded to the following effect.

THE BROKEN HEART.

“There are but two kinds of adventurers who succeed in London;—those who, like Joe Brianson, come to it penniless, with industrious propensities, and those who have friends of power and influence.—Young men, brought up as gentlemen in the country, rarely prosper in London; and it is of one of these I would now speak. The person I allude to was the son of a clergyman. He was known among his companions by the nickname of Buskin; and his unhappy fate makes me remember him by no other.

“He was one of a large family. His father, however, had a good living, but it was unfortunately in a genteel neighbourhood, and the sons and daughters in consequence acquired notions of elegance inconsistent with their fortune. While the old man lived, this produced no evil. At his death, the whole family were plunged into poverty. By that time, however, Buskin, who had come to London as a clerk, was settled in a business, which, while there was no other drain on it than his own expenses, was ade-

quate, it appeared, to all his wants, notwithstanding his extra-gentility.—But, from the time that he was necessitated to contribute to the support of his brothers and sisters, his efforts were unavailing to make it sufficiently productive, and a change was soon perceptible in his appearance. Previously he had been rather a sedate character—something given to reflection and sentiment. He wrote poetry, and played on the flute. But soon after the arrival of his friends in town, he became remarkably gay—forswore, it would seem, the Muses—and entered with something of an inordinate keenness into every species of cheerful amusement. He was praised for this. It was thought he had the interests of his sisters in view,—and courted society, to give the gentlemen of his acquaintance an opportunity of knowing their worth and beauty; for they were lovely, amiable, and accomplished to an uncommon degree. This, however, was but the first stage of the mortal malady with which poor Buskin was seized.

“The symptoms of gaiety and good humour continued about a year, when others began to appear. In his dress and manners, the patient seemed the same individual, but his temper became sharp and irritable. He was satisfied with nothing; the sun itself never shone properly; when he went into the fields, the west wind had lost its genial freshness, and the blossoms, that garlanded the boughs in spring, seemed to him tawdry. The song of the lark was harsh in his ears; and he was heard often to repine at the lot of the day-labourer, whose anxieties terminated with the hours of his task, and who had none beyond the daily period of his toil.

“At first this attracted no particular notice, or when it was noticed, it only seemed to provoke the banter of his friends; but the misanthropic humour continued to grow, and at last it began to be surmised, that his affairs were not thriving. I never obtrude my advice; but one day, when he was unusually petulant, I could not refrain from remarking to him the alteration I have mentioned, and to express my fears.

“‘You are right,’ replied he, ‘in some respects; my affairs are, indeed, not thriving, or rather they are not adequate to supply the demands of duty and affection. In other respects I have no reason to complain.’—‘Then why don’t you abridge your expense? you do not want resolution on other occasions—why would you go with your eyes open over the precipice?’—‘I do not like to lose the footing I possess in society; and I hope that something may come round to help me.’

“There was an accent of sorrow in the use of that word *help*, that rung upon my heart. I could say no more; I had it not in my power to assist the unfortunate man; I

could only pity, and mark the progress of his consuming anguish, as one friend contemplates another dying of a consumption.

“But the period of irritation and bitterness also passed, and was succeeded by another more deplorable. He became again singularly animated—his whole mind seemed to be endowed with preternatural energy. In amusement and in business, he was equally inexhaustible; all with whom he took a part in either, admired his vigour, and complained of that amazing activity which left their utmost exertions and efforts so far behind. I was awed and alarmed—I looked at him with astonishment. His voice, in conversation, when any thing like argument was started, became irresistibly eloquent. There was a haste in the movement of his mind, as if some great countervailing weight had been taken away. One evening, in returning with him from a party where this had been remarkably the case, I said to him familiarly, ‘Buskin, what the devil’s the matter with you?—you seem as if your thoughts were in a hurry.’—‘They are so,’ he replied, ‘and they have cause, for they are hunted by a fiend.’

“I was horror-struck; but what could I say? I attempted to remonstrate, but he shut my mouth. ‘It is now too late to reason with me—the struggle will soon be over. I feel that I am left to myself; that the protection of Providence is withdrawn, and hope is extinguished. Wherever I move, I am, as it were, in a magic circle. I never come any more into contact with humanity.—I am excommunicated.’

“Although I was grieved and terrified by this rhapsody, I yet thought it advisable to ridicule it—when, in a moment, he struck me violently on the face. My blood was ever inflammable at the least insult, but this blow smote my heart with indescribable pain, and so far from feeling any thing like resentment at the insult, I could not refrain from bursting into tears, and taking the irritated young man by the hand. It was too dark for me to see his face, but when I pressed his hand, I felt that his whole frame shuddered. Nothing more passed that night.—I accompanied him home to his own door, and we parted without speaking, but shook hands in a way that said more to the spirit than the tongue could have uttered. On reaching my lodgings, I sat down, and my thick arising fancies would not allow me to go to bed. At last they got so far the better of me, that I went again out, and walked to Buskin’s house.—All was silence and repose there. I passed two or three times in front, and then went home; but the nightmare was upon me, and the interval till morning was hideous. At an earlier hour than usual, I rose and dressed myself, and again went into the street where my unhap-

py friend resided ; and as I approached towards his door, I was startled by a medical gentleman, one of our mutual friends coming out." * * *

At this point of his story, the hard-featured stranger's voice faltered, and drawing his hand hastily over his face, he abruptly rose, and went to the door. In the course of a few minutes, during the which I was in a state of rumination, he returned, and calling the waiter, asked what was to pay for the wine ; and, throwing down his half of the reckoning, bade me good afternoon, and went away, leaving me to guess and ponder anent the sad and mournful issue of his tale.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

To ———.

O COME to me ! too long I've sighed
O'er vanish'd love and hopes destroy'd ;
Too long I've nurs'd, from all apart,
The sadness of a lonely heart.

O come to me, my spirit-love !
'Tis dark within, around, above ;
My soul is sick with care and fear :
My spirit-love, O haste thee here !

Come in the mist of pale, pale light,
Wherewith thou lov'st to meet my sight ;
Thy earthly sign, the outward dress
Of thy embodied loveliness.

Come as thou wost—oh ! far more dear
Than all our garish pleasures here ;
The thrill of heart-deep awe shall be,
Which tells thy coming unto me !

My words in measured tones shall flow,
Fitting thy presence, soft and low ;
Thou shalt make answer in the tongue
Which spirits love, half thought, half song.

I'll tell thee all the load I bear
Of unparticipated care,—
Of secret griefs, that shun the eye
Of vain and cold society.

And thou shalt charm the sickly strife
With thy sweet looks, and words of life ;
The gloom of sadness thou shalt cheer,
And quell the tyranny of fear.

We'll talk of love, and all beside
That dies not when the flesh hath died ;
Of truth unchangeable, sublime,
That mocks the chains of space and time ;

Thou'lt teach me all that man may know,
Of worlds above, and worlds below ;
And all of wonderful or fair
Thou'lt learn'd since last we parted here.

Of dear ones lost—the young, the gay,
How they waxed, and waxed, and past away ;
And thou shalt tell me if thy wings
Have cross'd them in their wanderings.

Of her, yet mine, whom love hath borne
Through livelong toil, and wrong, and scorn ;

Whose restless heart e'en now doth wake
Through night's dull watches for my sake.

So will we mingle converse high
Of love and holy mystery,
Till the cold and glaring day,
Calls us from our joys away.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

The ivy closed around them, while her cheek
Leant on his arm ; while he, with all the fear,
The parting fear of love, poured timid words
In the young Beauty's ear.

Wreath this dark ivy in thy hair,
Or let me wreath it, sweet !—for thee
The fittest wreath that thou canst wear,
The fittest offering for me.

It will not change, though summer suns
Have withered other flowers around :
Amid the winter's sullen hour
The same green on its leaves is found.

The sun is shining on its boughs,
How can it shine on our farewell ?
How can the hours flit by so fast,
While still I have so much to tell !

The light will pass from off those leaves
While still the same dark green will be ;
The sunshine smile may image thine,
The changeless plant mine emblem be.

Farewell, mine own Elise ! farewell !
A treasure, I'll recall thy smile ;
While all I dare to ask of thee—
Is—think of me one moment's while.

STANZAS.

[From the German of Tieck.]

'Tis sweet, when spring its choir assembles,
And every nightingale is steeping
The trees in his melodious weeping,
Till leaf and bloom with rapture trembles.

Fair is the net which moonlight weaves ;
Fair are the breezes' gambolings,
As with lime-odours on their wings
They chace each other through the leaves.

Bright is the glory of the rose,
When Love's rich magic decks the earth,
From countless roses Love looks forth,
Those stars wherewith Love's heaven glows.

But sweeter, fairer, brighter far
To me that little lamp's pale gleaming,
When, thro' the narrow casement streaming,
It bids me hail my evening star ;

As from their braids her locks she flings,
Then twines them in a flowery band,
While at each motion of her hand
The white robe to her fair form clings ;

Or when she breaks her lute's deep slumbers,
And, as at morning's touch upstarting,
The notes, beneath her fingers starting,
Dance o'er the strings in playful numbers.

To stop their flight her voice she pours
Full after them ; they laugh, and fly,
And to my heart for refuge hie ;
Her voice pursues them through its doors.

Leave me, ye fierce ones! hence remove!
They bar themselves within, and say,
"Till this be broken, here we stay,
That thou mayst know what 'tis to love."

STANZAS.

Why should I strive to sing again,
As I was wont in other days?
Around me dwell a race of men,
Who care not if the Muses perish;
And they are gone who lov'd with praise,
And meed of gentle smiles to cherish
The timid notes I faintly muttered,
Till I was bold to sing aloud,
Relying that the sounds I uttered
Were true to harmony and love;
So may I not in this dull crowd,
Years have passed by, and I have strove,
With many a spirit-blighting thought,
Vague fear and rankling memory,
That in the genial soul hath wrought
Death.—In my youth a lady lived;
Lives yet, perchance, but not for me:
(I'll tell my thought, and so be shrived.)
Pure was her lofty brow; her eye
Full, liquid, dark; of regal height,
She looked a queen to bid men die.
Not till the awful stone that sleeps
At Florence Michael's wondrous "Night,"
Beneath the despot's tomb that keeps
Mute state, unmoved—severe—shall open
The wonders of her closed lids,
May mortal eye, unvisioned, hope
To see that lovely lady's peer.
E'en now, methinks, her spirit bids,
(As still she held her poet dear,)
My soul awake—as erst she used
In those bright days when I was young,
And by the bitter world unbruised,
With many a spell of holy art
Attuning to sweet sounds my tongue,
While from the fountain of her heart
There flow'd on me such heavenly love,
That whatsoever I thought or felt,
Seemed sanctified as from above,
Touch'd with celestial fire.—A frost,
That no succeeding sun could melt,
Closed up my heart, when her I lost.

AN EVENING WALK.

Gently did the night
Cloud round us, gently did the silver moon
Lift her mild radiance o'er the mountain top,
And every star of heaven gently shone
On me and my beloved. Blessed hour,
When all the peaceful beauty of the sky,
And all the stillness of the night, perhaps
The under-current, too, of sadder thought,
Unnoticed whilst the surface of the soul
Reflected joyous images, had filled
Our hearts with more than usual tenderness.
Who has not felt can never understand
The thrilling joy, the agony of bliss, [turned,
With which the heart that pants for love re-
ceives the tokens of a mutual flame, [pressed,
Which tender thoughts, and wishes half-ex-

And confidence reposed, and smiles and tears,
Most feelingly convey, luxuriant growth
Of the warm heart, and proving that the soil
Beneath will never the fond hopes deceive
Of him who gave his all to purchase it.

Is it for nothing that the mind ascends
To heights like these? for nothing that the soul
Mounts with the lark at Heaven's gate to sing?
Believe it not—Man's spirit cannot dwell
With lofty thoughts unpurified: the hold
Of self was never loosened yet in vain,
Nor will be to the end of time—I speak
What from my own experience I believe—
But if Affliction be the only nurse
Of virtue and religion, if indeed
The Faith by love engendered and deep joy,
And watered only by descending dews
Of holy feeling, be a summer's birth,
Which from its parent soil and the soft streams
That fed its infant root transplanted dies—
If winds and storms *must* shake the hardy plant,
That shall in sunshine and in tempest thrive
Alike, in summer's rain and winter's hail—
Then may that evening be a faithful type
And emblem of our mortal pilgrimage!
That so, when clouds and darkness gather
Arm locked in arm for mutual support, [round.
We two may journey on, with hope assured,
Love undiminished, and look up to Heaven!

From the French.

A gentle nay,
Is better than yea—
A gentle nay, with a gentle smile,
That contradicts it all the while,
Is not this a pretty guile?
Not that I,
When I sigh
For a spirit-blending kiss,
Would *really* be denied the bliss,
But a soft "Nay" means not this!
Say me "nay,
Away, away!"
A cheek that glows, a voice that dies,
A dewy glitter in thine eyes,
And a tremble in thy sighs,
Shall make thy soft, low, timid tender Nay,
A honied breath of love more dearly sweet
than yea.

In the fourteenth century, one Nicolao
Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the lowest of the
people of Rome, had spirit and ambition
enough to conceive a design of compassing
the sovereignty of the city—and without
money, friends, alliances, or military force,
by mere dint of oratory and perseverance,
he did at length effectually obtain his object,
and arrived also to such a pitch of power
and influence, as to awe several of the po-
tentates of Europe, and to be admitted an
arbitrator of kingdoms.

Pythagoras was the person who first
changed the arrogant appellation of *sophos*,
or wise man, to philosopher, or a lover of
wisdom.

New-York Literary Gazette.**THE POET'S PURGATORY.**

By Dennis Dactyl, Laureate.

READER, what is the poet's purgatory? If thou art one of those who idolize the glorious lyre, one of those who relish and love the grand conceptions and beautiful imaginations of the poetical spirit, one of those whose hearts are alive to that spiritual melody of feeling which has neither voice nor sound, but which is best typified by the melody of music, perhaps thou wilt think that the poet is a fitter subject for paradise than for purgatory. Alas! that your thought should be so fallacious!

Reader, if it has been your ill-fortune to lose breath in reading the above long sentence, be it known for your consolation, that I made it long, purposely. First impressions are of great importance, and Lavater says, it is "an eternal law, that the first are the only true impressions." With this maxim in my head when I sat down to write, I resolved to electrify you, by suddenly expanding the wings of my sublimity to their full extent, and not to prepare for flight like a lazy eagle, who leaves his eyrie for a pleasure excursion instead of prey, slowly spreads out one pinion-feather after another, and cleaves the air with a sluggish motion that is a disgrace to his character for energy and power. I resolved to flap my wing about your ears at once, to make "*une grande impression*" in the outset, to imitate the "*τι χαίρον*?" of the Athenian, and the "*Quousque tandem*?" of the Roman; and to transfix you with a question to which I no more expect an answer than Demosthenes expected one from the Athenians, or Cicero from Cataline.

But what is the poet's purgatory? An uninitiated man would readily answer, that it consists in the unfulfilment of those celestial promises which are profusely made by the morning of his life, broken by its noon, and lamented by its evening; those promises which rise with the rising sun, which seldom culminate, and whose radiance never gilds the occidental horizon. Or perhaps it may be thought that the poet's purgatory is to be discovered in the baying of envy, the growl of hatred, and the bark of calumny. (It is

a libel on those respectable quadrupeds, the dogs, to invest these rapacious fiends with such a personification, but I cannot make a better.) Or in the fatal and intrinsic beauty of the mind, of which it is

"diseased,
And fevers into false creation;"

or in the solitary and haughty and unexpressed superiority over men "formed to eat, and be despised, and die," which genius nourishes in secret, in spite of all its modesty and all its liberality. Or in the vain and unprofitable longings to fathom the mysteries of being, in the desire to comprehend all nature, and all space in its ken; that desire, so fruitless in indulgence, so difficult of restraint, and so maddening in its frustration. Or in the miserable apathy, the gloomy distrust, the high-wrought scorn, the wilful carelessness of life and its pleasures, which brood in the breast of genius when it discovers the true character of human nature, when it observes the base, the selfish, and the sordid passions; the insincerity, the falsehood, and the villainy of corrupted man, whose glorious form might well be the abode of an angelical spirit, and whose deeds even the fallen fiends might blush to acknowledge.

Reader, I might go on with my contingencies till my hair should be as gray as the goose-quill with which I am writing, but I find that I wax wroth, more and more, at every repetition of the conjunction *or*; and as it is by no means genteel to be in a passion, and as I have already become so irritated by this summing up, as to tell my servant-boy to "go to the d—l," merely for interrupting me, by asking whether I would please to let him go to see, not the personage just mentioned, but the lion and elephant in the Bowery; for all these reasons, I will set you at rest, by affirming, that none of these evils constitute the poet's purgatory. Where then, in the name of wonder, is it to be found? Aye, "that's the rub;"—you may guess till conjecture drops her heavy eye-lids, and sinks into a dreamless slumber, and you will not be half so near the truth as honest Launce when he guessed that his master Proteus was "a kind of knave." Patient reader, (as *patient*, no doubt, as he most ironically so termed, who is undergoing amputation,

or blistering, or phlebotomy,) I will impart to you the secret, *sub rosa*, in strict confidence, with the firmest reliance upon your honour—The poet's purgatory is a LADY'S ALBUM!

"A lady's Album! impossible;" methinks I hear you exclaim. Reader, you know nothing about the matter, or you would make no such exclamation. Nothing in this world is impossible, except the conversion of a conceited dunce into a modest wise man; this is impossible, for Solomon says, that you may "bray a fool in a mortar," and he "will still be a fool;" and if hammering on a man's head with a pestle would not knock his folly out of him, I really do not know what would. But that an Album is purgatory, is not only *not impossible*, but it is possible, it is probable, it is certain. I, Dennis Dactyl, am a poet, as you may observe by the appendage to my name at the head of this article. Evil disposed persons may perhaps call me a *poet-aster*, but I call myself a poet, and surely I ought to know best. A poetaster means a "diminutive poet;" now I am five feet nine in height, and broad-shouldered—I live in a large city and a large state, and there is nothing of mine diminutive, except my fame, which is, like the planet Herschel, invisible to the naked eye, and, like that same planet, so far distant that I am afraid I shall never reach it. But, if I may take the liberty of defining the word in my own way, I shall have no objection to be called a poetaster—who knows but that the framers of this word took the termination *aster* from the Greek *αστηρ*, [a star,] and if so, poetaster means a "poet-star." In this sense I am willing to assume the title, and I deem it peculiarly appropriate: a star is brilliant at night only; so am I, for I am insufferably dull in the day time: the light of a star is of no earthly use; neither am I: a star is fixed and immoveable; so am I, for I am confined in my arm-chair by a lame foot, and cannot stir. If many who bear the titles of wise men, honourable men, learned men, and pious men, can establish their claims on ground half as tenable as I have established mine to the title which I have humanely clothed with a new and far more respectable definition, some of them will, to my certain knowledge, perform greater

deeds than I now believe them capable of performing.

A poet's purgatory is a lady's Album.—Reader, open your eyes, but let not their "sense be shut" like Lady Macbeth's, and read and be convinced; or if you are already asleep and in the land of dreams, sleep on; for by the dropping of mine eyelids, I shall probably be there myself in half an hour, and I can then give you, orally, as satisfactory proof, as that which I am about to commit to paper. Nevertheless, that posterity may not be in the dark on so important a subject, and that my own immortal fame may not be lost through my own neglect, I shall proceed to record my arguments; you might, perchance, forget my conversation, considering the place where you are to listen to me, and therefore I shall take as much pains to secure the perpetuity of my ideas, as a money-lender takes to secure his cash—I shall take *notes of hand*; for "*litera scripta manet*."

To all whom it may concern, I, Dennis Dactyl, laureate and poet-star, send greeting: I was first seized with the disorder termed the *prose-phobia*, at or about the age of twelve years. Various remedies were promptly applied, such as castigations by my tutor for filling my slate with poetical fragments, instead of decimal fractions; for studying the proportions of metre, instead of the proportions of numbers; for applying the rule of *three* to triplets, instead of questions in Dilworth's Arithmetic; for conjugating rhymes, when I ought to have been conjugating verbs; and for neglecting all the parts of speech, except the interjection which I used every time the oaken ferule came down on the palm of my hand; the use of which said part of speech I did not learn from my grammar, but from nature. In demonstrating Euclid, I always made the line *A B* equal to the line *C D*, because the letters *B* and *D* rhymed so pat, no matter whether the one line was twice the length of the other; if it was not good mathematics, it was good rhyme, and rhyme was to me infinitely more important than Euclid. My tutor could never flog me into the assertion that *A B* was equal to *A F*.

My malady "grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength," until I

reached man's estate, when by repeated blisters applied to my breast, the seat of the disease, it was partially subdued. These blisters were applied by the hands of experience, thanklessness, envy, calumny, and divers other equally able practitioners, and thanks to their exertions, the most dangerous symptoms of my disease disappeared. These symptoms were a fond belief in the noble nature of mankind, a blind confidence in professed friendship, and a wonderful deafness when I was told that men in the mass were false-hearted hypocrites and designing rogues. Added to these, was an inflammation of the retina of the eye, which afflicted with continual optical illusion, whenever I looked upon the brilliant, and beautiful, and bewitching world which I had just entered. All these symptoms have disappeared, but alas! would that they had never departed! Even had they led to a more feverish confusion of thought, and a wilder and more fiery insanity of feeling, and to calamity and ruin, and an early grave, would that they had not departed! There, reader, is a touch of the sentimental for you, in the true Billy Lackaday vein; but do not weep, or if you do, cry fast and dry your eyes speedily, for we have no time to spare. But no—sensibility, and “all that sort of thing,” is very fine: it is very becoming and quite amiable—therefore, that you may indulge it freely, and that I may indulge in sleep, which is insensibility, I will leave you for the present as wise as I found you, and postpone, until next week, the arguments in favour of my assertion, that the poet's purgatory is a *LADY'S ALBUM*.

IDLE HOURS.

The thousand unsatisfactory attempts to decide upon the best definition of “genius,” might be put at rest by its simple etymology. It is derived from *γεννᾶω*, “to create or invent”—genius is creative, and inventive power. The splendid definition of Cicero amounts to no more than this.—“Genius,” says he, is “*natura ipsa valere, mentis viribus excitari et quodam divino spiritu afflari*.” Inventive and creative power comprehends all this, and every other definition of the word that has been given. Lexicographers have made sad work with

it—Ash despatches it most laconically, by calling it “mental power,” as if anxious to say as little about it as possible. Johnson and Sheridan do not treat it much better. Now talent is also “mental power;” yet a man may possess talent without possessing a spark of genius. Talent is the power of exertion and acquisition, and of applying acquisition in a judicious and effective manner. Talent is cool-headed; genius is hot-headed—talent may be cold-hearted; genius can never be other than warm-hearted—talent is generally prudent; genius is often imprudent—talent moves steadily and regularly forward; genius springs on impetuously, and lags indolently, by turns—talent forms just and rational speculations; the speculations of genius are often wild and fantastic chimeras. The feeling of talent is judgment; the judgment of genius is feeling. Genius is proud and confident; talent is humble and unpretending. Talent constructed the lyre, while genius stood by and gave directions how the work should be done—genius struck celestial melody from its chords; talent imitated the sounds, but soul and fire and enthusiasm were not in the strain. Talent chiseled the form of the Belvidere Apollo; genius endowed that form with its godlike majesty, its unrivalled grace, and its haughty bearing. Genius designed, and talent executed the mighty plans of Napoleon. Talent is strong, but genius is both beautiful and strong. Talent influences our reason; genius influences both our reason and our feelings. The mind in which both are united, makes the nearest approach to perfection—since the coolness of talent corrects the impetuosity of genius, and the conceptions of genius dignify the operations of talent. Genius without talent is a wild and beautiful and erratic meteor; talent without genius is a steady light, which lasts long, but never throws a flood of radiance upon earth or sky. Genius is generally in the extreme; talent is always in the mean. Talent is more earthly; genius more heavenly.

Campbell has more genius than talent, Rogers, more talent than genius—Byron had both, in an eminent degree. In poets, genius preponderates over talent. The word poet bears a close analogy to genius: poet [from *ποιέω*, to make,] signifies a maker or creator. Mathematicians and histo-

rians have more talent than genius—painters and sculptors, in order to be eminent, must have both, but genius in a greater degree.

* * *

It seems to be in the destiny of earth, that equity should seldom, if ever, prevail over might; that the strong man should yield only to him that is stronger; and that the shield of innocence should never be a defence against the sword of power. There is more poetry than philosophy in Horace when he tells his friend Fuscus—

"Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu"—

and if Fuscus acted on the supposition that the advice of his poetical friend was sage and salutary, he most probably had occasion to thank Horace for leading him into scrapes innumerable. To be sure, the bard qualifies his assertion, by particularizing cases in which the upright man needs no armour—he may travel through the "sultry Syrtes, the wild Caucasus," and his innocence will be his defence against the monsters of the waste; but Horace is cautious not to say, that the upright man may travel through the more dangerous journey of life, and be protected by his innocence against the prowling monsters that beset the way. The poet sings, that his innocence guarded him against the wolf in the "Sabine wood"—but he does not tell us that it was as sure a protection against wolves in human form.

The upright and pure man *does* need the darts and the bow and the arrow-fraught quiver, for he has to fight his way through life, and frequently to act on the offensive; his innocence, without weapons, is of as much service to him as a bow without arrows, and the heart which is at war with virtue and hardened against her, is less liable to be pierced by her arrow, by reason of its very hardness. Did virtue save Aristides from exile,—did she dash down the deadly cup from the lip of Socrates,—did she protect Scipio from his ungrateful country, and permit him to lay his bones in the sepulchre of his fathers? Did virtue save her thousands of martyrs from the bloody axe of persecution, when gloomy bigotry seized the white robes of religion, and profanely wrapped the emblems of mercy around the form of unforgiving cruelty?—

Does virtue advance her votary to the glories, the honours, and the riches of life?—If so, what a libel has genius uttered against the world in exclaiming—

"Pie on't, oh fie—'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

It was not the fancy, but the truth of poetry, which inspired the melancholy Hamlet when he spake thus. Look at the stained annals of Time, and see how many instances of successful virtue history has recorded; compare them with those of successful villainy, and are they not like the solitary *oases* in the wild and comfortless desert? Look around on the busy millions of crowded life—what share has virtue in their efforts, their wishes, their toils, their cares, and their struggles? Does she prop the aspiring, who grasp at dominion—does she guide the mercenary, who kneel at golden altars—does she inspire the vain, who toil for reputation—does she chasten human feelings, restrain human passions, and direct human energies? Is it the love of heaven, or the fear of earth, that keeps man from the open indulgence of follies, and the open commission of crimes? If the former, what need is there of human laws—if the latter, is he who does not swerve from the even line, entitled to wear the wreath of virtue?

Yet it is in the destiny of things, that this should be the case. Were it otherwise, were the thousand springs of enjoyment unpolluted and unembittered; were this fair and beautiful earth unsoiled by meanness, fraud, wickedness, and dishonour; were man the image of his Maker, in mind as he is in form; the Elysium of the Pagan and the Paradise of the Christian would be realized on earth, and Death, whose power is coeval with that of his parent, Sin, would be stripped of his dominion.

Washington and the Marquis Chastellux.

A few weeks ago, we stated that Mr. Brennan was preparing a republication of Chastellux's Travels in N. America. We have lately been gratified with a perusal of several manuscript copies of letters from General Washington to the Marquis.—These copies were taken from previous copies of the original letters, which the trans-

criber received from the hands of Madame Chastellux, and copied with her permission.

These letters embrace the period of time intervening between January 1781, and April 1788. They exhibit Washington in a very amiable light; they are fraught with warm and generous sentiments, and with those high and noble principles which always distinguished the man who wrote them. The politeness of the owner of the manuscript, a gentleman distinguished alike by cultivated intellect and urbanity of deportment, has permitted a selection from the letters, for publication. We have chosen the first of the two following, in order to show the high esteem in which Washington held Chastellux; and the second, because it contains a beautiful and affecting and poetical idea, by no means unbecoming the retirement of one who had led embattled armies, and founded a mighty nation.

WASHINGTON TO CHASTELLUX.

New-Burgh, Dec. 14, 1782.

My dear Chevalier,

I felt too much to express any thing, the day I parted with you—a sense of your public services to this country, and gratitude for your private friendship, quite overcame me at the moment of our separation. But I should be wanting to the feelings of my heart, and should do violence to my inclination, was I to suffer you to leave this country, without the warmest assurance of my affectionate regard for your person and character.

Our good friend the Marquis de la Fayette prepared me (long before I had the honour to see you) for those impressions of esteem, which opportunities and your own benevolent mind have since improved into a deep and lasting friendship, which time nor distance can ever eradicate.

I can truly say that never in my life did I part with a man to whom my soul clave more sincerely than it did to you. My warmest wishes will attend you in your voyage across the Atlantic, to the rewards of a gracious prince, and the arms of affectionate friends. Be assured that it will be one of my highest gratifications to keep up a regular intercourse with you by letter. I regret exceedingly, that circumstances should withdraw you from this country, before the final accomplishment of that independence and peace, which the arms of our good ally

have assisted in placing before us in such an agreeable point of view. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to accompany you, after the war, in a tour through the great continent of North America, in search of the natural curiosities with which it abounds, and to view, at the same time, the foundation of a rising empire.

I have the honour to be, with sentiments of the most perfect esteem and regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed)

GEO. WASHINGTON.

The Chevalier De Chastellux.

WASHINGTON TO CHASTELLUX.

Mount Vernon, 2d June, 1784.

Dear Sir,

I had the honour to receive a letter from you by Major L'Enfort. My official letter to the Counts D'Estaing and Rochambeau, (which I expect will be submitted to the members of the society of the Cincinnati in France,) will inform you of the proceedings of the general meeting held at Philadelphia on the 3d ult., and the reasons which induced a departure from some of the original principles and rules of the society. As these have been detailed, I will not repeat them; and as we have no occurrences out of the common course, except the establishment of two new states in the Western Territory, and the appointment of Mr. Jefferson (whose talents and worth are well known to you) as one of the commissioners for forming commercial treaties in Europe, I only repeat to you the assurances of my friendship, and express to you a wish that I might see you in the shade of those trees, which my hands have planted, and which, by their rapid growth, at once indicate a knowledge of my declination, and their willingness to spread their mantles over me, before I go hence to return no more—for this their gratitude, I will nurture them while I stay.

Before I conclude, permit me to recommend Col. Humphreys, (who is appointed secretary to the commission) to your countenance and civilities, whilst he remains in France—he possesses an excellent heart and good understanding.

With every sentiment of esteem and regard, I am, my dear Chevalier,

Your most affectionate servant,

(Signed)

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Facts and Observations, in relation to the origin and completion of the Erie Canal.

A pamphlet, bearing the foregoing title, has lately made its appearance. It is evidently the work of a man of thought and reflection, who is well acquainted with his subject, and whose opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. He details, in chronological order, the origin and progress of the undertaking, and proposes several improvements and alterations, the consequence of which will be, that all the water received from Lake Erie, as well as from all the feeders and inlets, "may be used as lockage water at the only outlet at the lower end of the canal on the Hudson."

The writer reasons very strongly in favour of the plan proposed by the late Gouverneur Morris, of descents and locks; which, if adopted, would have required, according to his calculation, only one fifth part of the lockage water now necessary, and only 114 feet of lockage between Utica and Lake Erie, instead of 267 feet, the present amount. We have not room for the arguments, but they are certainly very strong. His second proposition is, "to extend the Utica and Rochester levels to the meridian of Palmyra or Lyons, or between them, and to construct double locks there to connect them."

After proposing his alterations, and dwelling on the advantages which would result from them, the writer continues;—

"While enumerating the advantages, which will result from the proposed alterations of the canal, we ought also to notice that there will be an entire command of the water of the great lakes, and of almost every stream crossing the line of canal; and as there will be no discharge of lockage water, except at the Hudson, there will be an abundant supply along the line of canal for grist-mills, saw-mills, factories, and other hydraulic machines. The sites to be let by the state in aid of the revenue: the irrigations while supplying the farmer, will likewise enrich the treasury.*

"In giving scope to the imagination many things occur, which though they may appear visionary at present, may not be thought so hereafter. Who will say that at a future day, Lake Erie will not supply

New-York with pure and wholesome water? When the canal has received its alterations, and the water of the lake shall be received on the banks of the Hudson pure and limpid, and no longer turbid from the narrow shallow passage, a canal or aqueduct will, at the expense of a million or a million and a half of dollars, deliver the water in the city of New-York, which will then be supplied like Philadelphia, where the water is taken from the Schuylkill canal of one hundred miles in length, and like London from the New river and the Thames. If this aqueduct should be a navigable canal, through one of the cloves of the mountains, thousands of families whose knowledge of the country extends only a short distance, would, as in China, become temporary inhabitants of the water. They would visit the ocean, the most populous city of the United States, and the emporium of the commerce of the Western Hemisphere.—This voyage would be performed in boats, which they will procure for the trip on the canal, and with their own horses, taken from wagons, bringing their provisions, produce, and manufactures from the interior. If a failure of the crop of any particular article should take place, from any unpropitious cause near the Atlantic, farmers would immediately supply the deficiency by proceeding to the canal with their wagons, putting their horses to canal-boats, and delivering in the city the articles in demand. Produce also arriving at maturity earlier or later, than that raised in the vicinity of New-York, would be brought from other places, and a continued and equable supply thus ensured to the city.

"While we dwell on the great benefits which may be derived from the proposed alterations, let us not omit minor advantages; the delicate fish from the great lakes will be introduced into the small lakes and the waters of the Mohawk and Hudson, and a prolific supply obtained for the inhabitants to ensure plenty, variety, and good living."—Page 28.

In the historical part of his pamphlet, the writer quotes from a letter of Mr. Gouverneur Morris to a friend in Europe, the following characteristic language of that distinguished man. The letter was written in the year 1800, when Mr. Morris visited Lake Erie—

"In turning a point of wood, the Lake broke on my view: I saw riding at anchor nine vessels, the least of them one hundred tons! Can you bring your imagination to realize this scene! Does it not seem like magic? yet this magic is but the early effect of victorious industry. Hundreds of large ships will in no distant period, bound on the

* "Monsieur de la Lande, speaks of the canal de Provence, which takes the water of the Durance to Aix and Marseilles, being 110,000 toises long; and of the irrigations, by its bringing in a million of livres a year."—Young's Travels in France, vol 2, p. 176.

billows of these inland seas. At this point commences a navigation of more than a thousand miles. Shall I lead your imagination to the verge of incredulity. I will:—Know then, that one tenth of the expense borne by Britain in the last campaign, would enable ships to sail from London, through Hudson's River, into Lake Erie; as yet my friend we only crawl along the outer shell of our country, the interior excels the part we inhabit, in soil, in climate, in every thing. The proudest empire in Europe is but a bauble compared to what America will be, must be, in the course of two centuries, perhaps of one." p. 7.

Mr. Morris's views were at the time considered, by many, as visionary and romantic—to a gentleman who treated them as such, Mr. Morris said, "Sir, you will live to see the day when this communication will be effected." He prophesied truly—that gentleman is still living.

With respect to the romance of Mr. Morris's mind, we will take the liberty to say, that it consisted of those high and grand conceptions that are the property of extraordinary men—men whose intellect is in advance of the age in which they live. It was precisely the same kind of *romance* which existed in the mind of Columbus, when he submitted his propositions to the Spanish court, and in that of "the starry Galileo," when he was cast into prison for asserting the motion of the earth. By men of common minds, the sublimity of exalted intellect, which anticipates the march of time, and throws itself forward into the discoveries and improvements of futurity, has always been termed romantic.

Literary. The translation of "The Roman Nights," is just published. We shall notice the work next week.

"The story of Jack Halyard, the sailor boy; by William S. Cardell," has already gone through four editions. It is designed for American children, in families and schools, and is admirably adapted to interest and instruct young minds. Its style is clear, simple, and chaste; its moral influence perfectly pure, and a great quantity of useful knowledge is embodied in an interesting tale, that is well calculated to fix the attention and catch the feelings of children. It leads them to just impressions and correct principles, and a highly respectable teacher

of this city, with whom we lately conversed on the merits of the work, said volumes in its praise by remarking, that when his scholars had gone through it they were "not only better *readers*, but also better *boys*."

THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

Upon what a prickly and painful bed must despots repose, when even the mild, the good, and the generous Alexander has not only to study the humour of his courtiers, his ministers, his generals, his admirals, and even of his nobles, but, besides, in order to please them, to act contrary to the dictates of his own heart. Who would envy the life of such a sovereign, with all its eastern gorgeous splendour, and all its apparently gigantic powers? The shades of Peter III. and of Paul, must sometimes disturb the midnight slumbers of all their successors to the throne of Russia.

At the commencement of the Greek Revolution, the patriots formed a secret society, entitled "The Hetaria." Its members were divided into three gradations or classes. First, Blamides, or chiefs; secondly, the Systemeni, or coadjutors; thirdly, the Hiercis, or priests. The whole united was called the Hetaria Philiké, or Friendly society or Fellowship. The three classes had distinct signs and private means of communication by the position of the hand or fingers, as in free-masonry; and each had a separate cypher; though it would appear that they possessed also a common method intelligible to all.

The qualifications necessary for admission were, that the candidate be 'a true Hellene, a steady and zealous lover of his country, and a good and virtuous man; that he be a member of no other secret society; and that his desire to be catechised into the Hetaria arise not from curiosity, or any other motive than pure patriotism;' and it is required of him, amongst other things, 'that he consider all other bonds and duties which he has in the world as next to nothing, when confronted with the bond of the Hetaria.'

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